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THE
DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY P. DIXON HARDY, M.R.I.A.

VOL. III.

FEBRUARY 21, 1835.

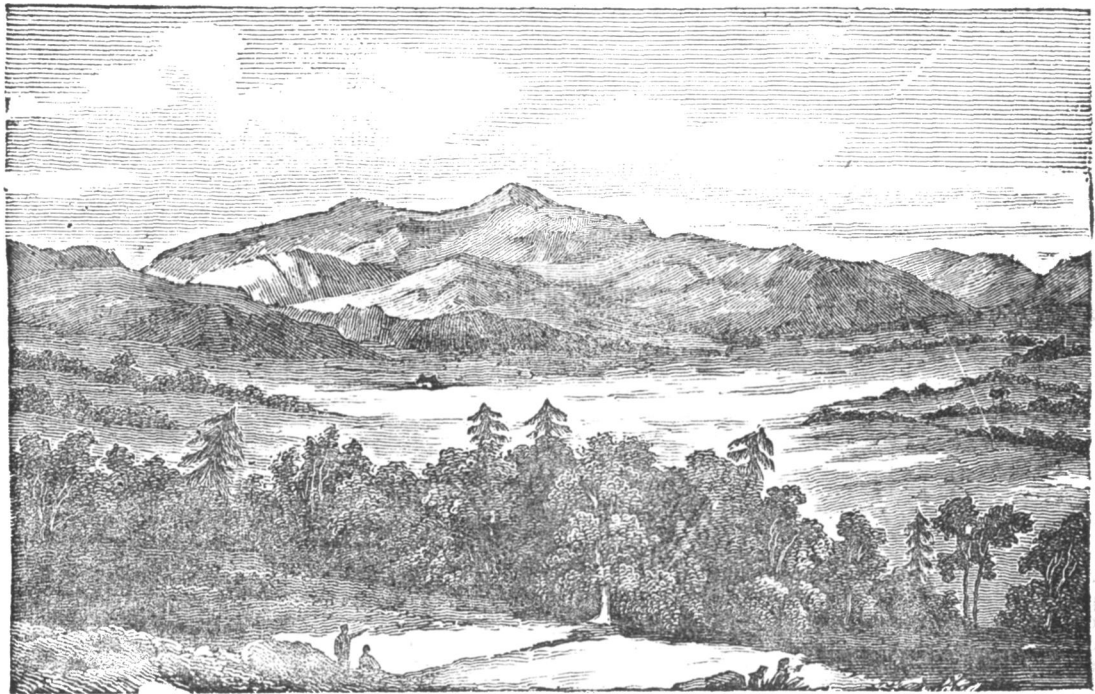
No. 133.



J. F. W. del.

Clayton, sc.

Cottage at F. Adler's Gift, near Drinoleague, Parish of Drinagh, County of Cork, residence of Rev. J. Ryan.



J. F. W. del.

Clayton, sc.

View of Mielane and Shaghy mountains taken from Kileasca, 1828.

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RIDES THROUGH THE COUNTY OF CORK—THE PRIEST'S FIRESIDE.

At the close of the last section of our rambling narrative, the reader will remember we were snugly ensconced in our chair, by the hospitable fireside of Father R—, of Drimoleague. The windows were closely curtained—a roaring fire blazed and bickered up the chimney—the table displayed a cloth of snowy purity, and was further graced with a sirloin of real *Kerry* beef, (the native of course of the mountains of *Cork*) delicious ham and chickens, beefsteaks of unrivalled tenderness, and a couple of flanking decanters of excellent brown sherry, and port of no contemptible antiquity; of the vintage, as our host assured us, of 1811. What a dinner for sportsmen and tourists! and its zest was increased by the cordial welcome which displayed itself in the evident delight our reverend entertainer felt at the relish we evinced for our quarters, and the good things they afforded.

"That old ruin of Castle Donovan," said Father John, "has sheltered me ere this, when benighted on a sporting excursion. Those are incidents, however, which don't occur more than once or twice in the life of a sportsman. A man must possess some ingenuity to contrive to be benighted in an interesting manner every time he goes out shooting."

"I wonder that it ever should be *your* case, Sir," said I; "for you are doubtless acquainted with all the farmers' cabins in your parish, and the worst of them all, one would think, should afford better accommodation than that cut-throat old castle. There are a couple of gaps in the rocky floor like graves. I stumbled over them this evening in the dark, and almost broke my legs."

"Why the castle certainly did not appear to much advantage to *you*," replied the priest, "and yet it afforded most capital quarters for sportsmen on the occasion I allude to. All depends on the *cuisine*, as we say in France. As you say, Sir, a man would more naturally go in quest of comfort in some inhabited cabin, than in an old fortalice, whose only inmates are jackdaws and fairies; but it happened then, as it happened to-night, that I was shooting at night-fall on the top of Mullaugh Nesha, and I thought that by coming across the marshy meadow I might meet my horse and servant at the road near the castle. Then came the rain, hail, and wind—any port, you know, in a storm; so I *é*en preferred the dry though rugged floor of the old castle, to being bogged up to my hips in the manure which composes the floor of Bonaparte Howlaghan's cabin, in the next furze brake."

"Bonaparte Howlaghan!" repeated I, "an odd mixture."

"Bonaparte is a sobriquet," answered the priest, "which the fellow has acquired from his noted political enthusiasm."

"But tell me," said I, "reverting to the subject from which we were straying, 'how did it happen that the castle ever afforded you comfortable quarters? Surely you had better entertainers than the jackdaws and fairies?'"

"So we had I warrant you," replied Father John, "we were host and guest ourselves in our own proper person. Sir, it was in the year—19, or thereabouts, when I first became priest of this parish, that two or three sporting English tourists, with pens, ink, paper, pencils, palettes, double-barrelled guns, and all that, beat up my quarters about this time of year. They were quite made up for writing books, taking views, and knocking down grouse and partridge. So they graciously solicited my poor aid in both their literary and sporting capacity, and you know it would not have given them a favourable specimen of Irish courtesy and hospitality to refuse their request. Accordingly I escorted them to Mullaugh Nesha, Cnocna-bruish, Wheeough, Oulteen, and all our uphousious hills and eminences. They desired peculiarly accurate information regarding the topography, and were not a little perplexed on finding that few of the people knew anything of English; and those who did had a particular way of computing distances, which did not convey much instruction to the Englishers. They asked my friend Bonaparte how far it was to a farm-house where I meant to spend the night, and Bonaparte answered it was six mountains off."

"But pray how many miles?" persisted the Englishman.

"Ogh," said Bonaparte, "we knows nothing about miles in Drinagh. We always reckons distance by the rocks and the bogs. We say sich or sich a place is three rocks away, or haulf-a-dozen bogs, or six mountains off, or something of that sort. Miles! Indeed, honey, a man would be kicked that talked of miles in Drinagh; and it's well for you, a pair of foreign jintlemen, that you happened to ax a man of my edicashun and jintility. Miles! arrah sure we have neither miles nor mile-stones here, but the rocks and the mountains, which are heaven's own finger-posts and land-marks, planted by the hand of nathur!"

"You may guess that my English friends felt inclined, after such a sublime declaration, to confine their inquiries to me. However I allayed their apprehensions by assuring them that Bonaparte was a humourist, and a shrewd one too, and merely meant to amuse himself at their acquaintance with our character and customs."

"But the castle, Mr. R—" interposed I, "you must not forget the old castle."

"Oh, aye," said the priest, "and a glorious night we spent there. I was croosting grouse like blackberries on the top of Mullaugh Nesha till nightfall, and Regan's cabin, where I had intended to pass the night, was seven miles away among the mountains. My servant had been ordered to have my horse, and also a pair of steeds for the Englishmen, at the road near Castle Donovan, in case we should think proper to return to my house. About seven o'clock we resolved on returning, and on arriving at the old ruin, we found that our drunken dog of a messenger had not brought the message to my servant: the wind howled, the rain was like a water-spout with occasional volleys of hail-shot; there was no help for it; in we went; our clothes were not very wet, as the storm had only just commenced; we struck a light, and were well supplied with gewsh for firing by Bonaparte.* I undertook to cook for the party; our game-bags were full, to say nothing of our other provender. I picked, drew, washed and dried the grouse. I'll warrant you I was not unprovided with my sporting stewpan. I placed on the bottom of it a slice of my own Drinagh bacon, half fat, half lean, (the fat like mother of pearl, so exquisitely transparent). I clapped down my grouse upon that, breast upwards, sprinkled them with flour from my dredging-box—shred half a dozen shalots; (Baxter says three are enough, but I think six improve the flavour; in fact it all depends upon taste) I threw in the shredded shalots along with three table-spoonsful of mushroom catsup, and half a table-spoonful of walnut catsup. I added a pinch of red pepper and some salt. I had not any port, which was a shocking oversight, because the flavour is considerably heightened by a wine-glassful. Well, Sir, all this while one of the Englishers was cooking away with his own apparatus, in a style that clearly showed he was no novice, I promise you. He manufactured a brace of hares in glorious style, while my stewpan was simmering on the fire; and the other chap was arranging his portfolio of landscapes on the floor, mincing out a song about Daniel O'Connell, to the tune of 'Patrick's day in the morning,' but the fellow's cramped English throat could not drive out the *keōt* in the slashing, dashing, tearaway style that Bonaparte Howlaghan did, who took up the song the minute the Englishman stopped or was run dry. I was half an hour teaching him to pronounce the name of our heath-clad hill of Wheeough, but he could not come nearer to it than 'Wee-aw, wee-aw,' till Boney desired him to whistle as if he was calling in his black setting spaniel bitch: and the effort thus made afforded him more practical instruction in bringing the aspirate into operation, than my obtuser genius would ever have devised. On the whole, he made a very respectable effort to pronounce the word Wheeough—that is, for an Englishman. In the final guttural he was far, very far from perfection. Boney, who at that time had a vile unchristian habit of fighting at fairs, from which I

* Bogwood. The splinters are substitutes for candles with the poor.

† Music.

have since had some trouble to reclaim him, had a huge oak stick, with a knob of lead at the end, to which stick he gave the awful name of *Baus gaun Saggart*.* Whenever Boney was seen to display some incipient impatience, and wheel *Baus gaun Saggart* half a dozen times round his head, mischief was assuredly brewing. The slighter and smaller of the Englishmen, (the portfolio gentleman) struck with the formidable appearance of the weapon, inquired its name and use, with the purpose of transferring a drawing and description of it to his book, under the head of *Irish weapons*.

"Pray, Mr. Awlegan," said he to Boney, "what is the use of your large stick, may I ask?"

"To thrash rascallions wld, and smash their skulls!" roared out the giant Boney—(I should rather say the *Boney* giant)—and he spoke with the enthusiastic zest of an anticipated slaughtering match.

"Bless me!" ejaculated the soft voice of the little Englishman, "what a formidable purpose! Now, ow do you use this heavy stick, Mr. Awlegan? I can arldy lift it!"

"This way," shouted Boney, whirling the stick a dozen times round the Englishman's head with such force as to whirl through the air like a whole covey of partridge rising. The evident terror of the Englishman was excessively diverting. He crouched and cowered, and at last exclaimed,

"I request you may not smash my skull, Mr. Awlegan?"

"Niver fear," responded Boney, flinging down the stick, "I only thought you'd like a thrifle of instruction, my boy."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Awlegan, I'm sure I'm much obliged—much obliged, indeed. What do you call the weapon, Mr. Awlegan?"

"Is it the stick?" answered Boney; "why I calls it *Baus gaun Soggarth*," (with a most ferocious expression and attitude) "which manes, d'ye see, death without clergy."

"Death without clergy!" exclaimed the Englishman, "bless me, very characteristic—very ferocious I meant to say. May I trouble you, Mr. Awlegan, to repeat its Irish name once more?"

"The throuble's a pleasure," said Boney, exceedingly gratified at the interest excited by his implement of war. *Baus gaun Soggarth*, Sir, is the name of him."

"Bosken sogga! bless me! Thank you, Mr. Awlegan," and down went a drawing of the stick into the book, and the formidable name, as well as the writer was able to catch it. At this moment, we, the cooks, completed our culinary labours, the enjoyment of which suspended for a while the inquiries of the tourist and the reminiscences of the sportsman."

"Really, Mr. R——," said I, "you spent a most amusing evening in the old castle. But for a night spent among your mountain fastnesses, and beneath the shelter of a feudal ruin, methinks it passed off too quietly."

"Especially," said Mr. Thomas D——, "as your party included so ferocious a personage as Bonaparte and his *Baus gaun Soggarth*."

"Why, indeed," said the priest, "an incident occurred which rather alarmed the literary Englishmen. While we were seated on gewsh logs at our dinner, which was spread on a table sent from Bonaparte's cabin, the report of a gun was heard outside the castle walls, and a ball, which entered at a loop-hole, whistled over our heads."

"Heaven defend us!" exclaimed he of the portfolio, "we shall all be murdered."

"Never mind it," says I, "it's nothing in life but a little rebellion, maybe, or some such thing. Finish your sherry, man! I'll engage that wag, Boney, fired the shot just to help your digestion; it's twice as good, a start like that, as one of Thompson's dinner pills." As I spoke, Boney, who had gone out a few minutes before, walked into the apartment, and picking up an object which lay on the floor near the wall, exhibited a starling, which the lights and bustle had frightened from its nest

in the wall; and which Boney had shot through the loop-hole."

"Wasn't that nate killing?" exclaimed Boney triumphantly. I just whipped off his head with the ball in two two's. There's a power of the cratures, Father John, fluttering hither and over about the ould castle; for the boys have lit splinters up stairs, and, without a doubt, the birds are bothered entirely with the lights?"

This pacific explanation of the shot, which had terrified the poor little Englishman to such a ludicrous degree, seemed in some sort to restore him to tranquillity. However he was not himself for the rest of the night.

"Now, Mr. W—— and Mr. T. D——," exclaimed our worthy host, "you are doing my vintage of 1811 less than justice," and he hospitably urged us to do honour to his excellent wine. I complied; but Mr. T. D—— appeared wrapt in such a reverie as might envelope the consciousness of Nimrod. At length Mr. R—— exclaimed, "what are you thinking of, Thomas?"

"I was thinking," replied Mr. T. D——, with enthusiasm, "how delightful it is to stand on the patch of smooth green grass before Dan Mahony's cottage at the mountain, on a clear frosty October night, after a good day's sport, with your game-bags exceedingly plethoric, and your dear faithful dogs barking and leaping in an ecstasy round you! and the cold clear moon sailing broad and round, high over the top of Mullaugh Neshá, and the rough rocky fragments which lie scattered through the heath, glancing white in the moonlight; and the short quick baying of the dogs echoing through the dark hills, which are rich with to-morrow's sport—oh, it is rapture ineffable!"

"Now, gentlemen," said Mr. R——, "I must leave you for a couple of hours for my breviary; I trust you will pass the time agreeably during my absence," and he left the room.

"There," said Mr. T. D——, "goes one of the best hatured men in Ireland. I always experience an elation of spirits at his snug retired mountain-dwelling here, which I do not feel any where else. It is a sweet spot in the months of May and June, when the bees are buzzing under those old sycamore trees in the garden hedge, and the little orchard is laden with its fragrant blossoms. I have sat there often reading, and have thought how happy might a person of moderate desires be in such a retirement."

"You are a juvenile philosopher," said I.

"No, Mr. W., I do not pretend to any philosophy, unless it be such to wish for a mountain box in the neighbourhood of first rate coursing, fishing, and shooting."

"And would you prefer such a residence to the Gothic turrets of R——?"

"Yes—for game I certainly would; for we have only owls and jackdaws in the battlements; and yet I should not abuse R—— neither, for there is very fair cock-shooting in the woods there, and hares enough too, and we've snipe on the inches; but here there's twenty times the sport."

In such bold and disjointed chat the time passed until Mr. R. returned. Something, which I do not now remember, led us to the subject of Prince Hohenlohe and his wonderful cures.

"I can't say that I believe in them," said our host, "not," added he, checking himself, "that I mean to deny that God could work a cure through the agency of you, or me, or any man; but I want proof, Sir—I want proof that he has done this, and I am not satisfied with what we have been given."

"Have you not been playing Prince Hohenlohe yourself in a small way here?" asked Mr. T. D. with a smile.

"Ah, ha!" said Mr. R. "and who has been telling you about old Molly M'Grider? Mr. W." (addressing himself to our humble selves) "you shall have the story, since our sporting friend has thought fit to allude to it. Poor old Molly was dumb for many years, and a mad beggarman persuaded her husband that I could work a miracle in restoring her speech. I assured the poor people that my horse was just as able to work miracles as I was, but all would not do."

"Your reverence must thry your hand at the marasie, as far as you can," said old Pether.

* Death without clergy.

"Take care, now, Peter," said I, 'for if I should succeed, which is very improbable, you will, in all likelihood, be very impatient to get me to work the counter-miracle of making your wife dumb again.'

"Ogh, no, plase your raverence," said Peter; 'just set her once talking, and I'll be the happy man.'

"Very well," said I, 'I'll do my best.'

"So I cleared them all out of my kitchen except Molly, and locked the door. I then heated the poker in the fire, and when it was red hot I made a feint to run at Molly with it, exclaiming, 'talk now, you old goose, or I'll ram this poker down your throat.'

"Oh, heaven defend me," roared Molly; upon my word, gentlemen, she spoke, and has had her speech since: but the worst of it was, that my very unexpected success has established my miraculous fame among my parishioners, so that my sanative abilities are repeatedly referred to, in spite of all my lectures on the subject of the nerves, and the effects of fear, surprise, or any other external shock upon the nervous system."

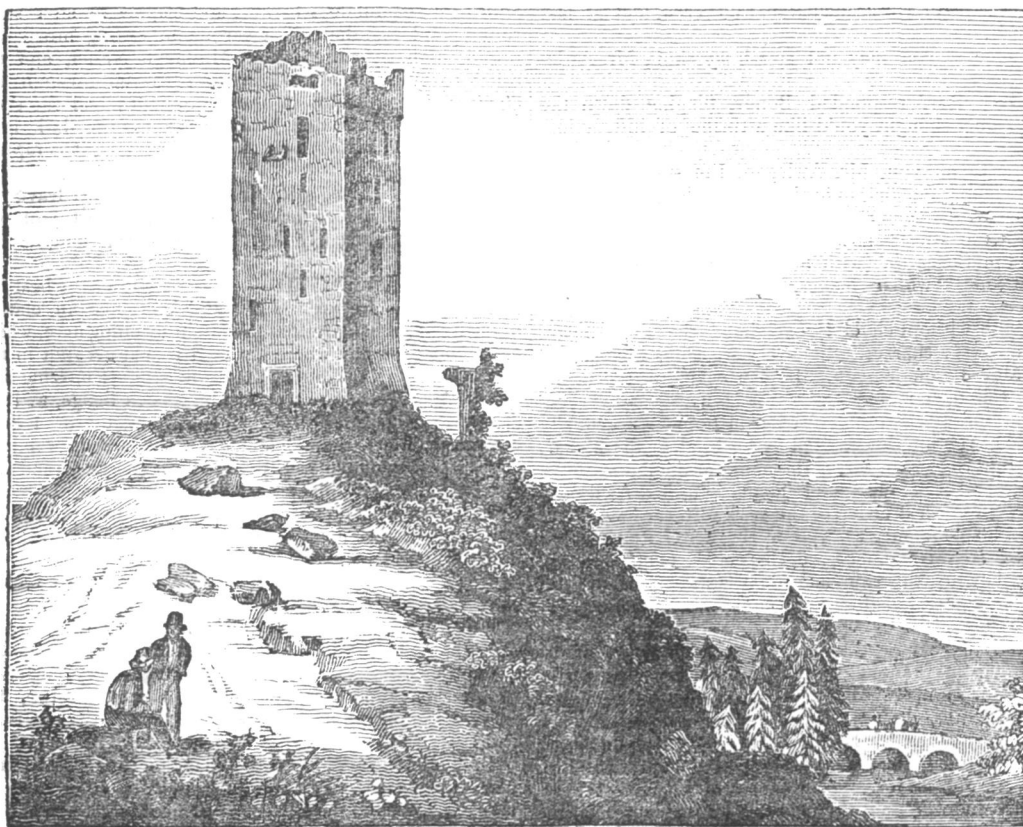
At this moment the trampling of a horse in the lane was heard, and presently afterwards a summons for the

priest arrived; a sick call to the cottage of a farmer two miles off amongst the mountains. Instantly Mr. R. donned his hat and cloak.

"Is it possible," I said to Mr. T. D., "sotto voce, "that he will think of going this inclement night?"

"God forbid I should refuse," said Mr. R. earnestly; "the poor man is extremely ill, and we would, indeed, be unfaithful shepherds of the flock, did we refuse to attend them in their need at any moment's warning. Were I dangerously ill myself—were my spirit near passing to the presence of its Creator, I should deem but poorly of the zeal of that priest who should refuse to attend my summons to administer the last comforts and consolations which the church has appointed for the dying Christian. I know this sick man well. I have always instructed him to rest his hope on Christ; and in Him I do believe he will depart." So saying, this humble mountain priest sallied forth with a cheerful alacrity, on what must appear to many a very uninviting mission. Mr. T. D. immediately retired to rest. We followed his example; nor did we awake till the morning's sun had risen high in the heavens.

J. F. W.



Mr. E. Heyden, del.

Clayton, sc.

CONNA CASTLE, COUNTY OF CORK.

From three to four miles west of Tallow stands Conna Castle, on a high limestone rock, which rises almost perpendicularly from the river Bride. The exterior of the building is tolerably perfect. It presents a square tower, about eighty feet in height. The first arched floor, called *The Earl's Room*, is accessible by a winding staircase of cut limestone, which, for neatness of execution, far exceeds any I have before seen in the ancient towers of the south. From this room may be seen, to the west, a tract of finely diversified country: immediately under is the village of Conna; a little beyond which is seen a rising ground, called *Gallows Hill*, the spot where, we are told, Cromwell stationed his army, and held council for the execution of

the defending army, and from whence he battered the castle, apparently with little effect. Over the entrance is a covered aperture in the wall, which communicates with the upper room, and is evidently for the purpose of letting fall missiles, or boiling water or lead, on an enemy attempting to force the doorway; this conducting aperture is, with few exceptions, peculiar to the ancients' defensive towers, and similarly situated in each. In the river side of the castle is a large square opening, continued from the base to the top, such as is mentioned in the description of Lisfinny Castle in a former number of your Journal. Dr. Smith, in his History of the county of Cork, thus mentions—"A mile west of Maguly is Connough